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LETTERS

FROM THE

INSPECTOR to a LADY.

[Price One Shilling.]



LETTERS

FROM THE

INSPECTOR to a LADY,

WITH THE

Genuine ANSWERS.

Both printed *verbatim* from the Originals:

H. J. *K*



L O N D O N :

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A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

I*F any person doubt these letters to be authentic, they may see the originals, and the copies of the answers, taken at the time they were written.*



(i)

ORIGINAL LETTERS

FROM

The INSPECTOR,

WITH THE

Genuine ANSWERS.

LETTER I.

Written in *April* last, on seeing the Lady by
Accident, at a Breakfast at *Ranelagh*.

MADAM,

WHO you are I can form no
guess: where you can have
liv'd, that I never saw you
till this morning, is an equal mystery to
me; and what will be the event of my
expectations from you, is an uncertainty
B infinitely

infinitely more perplexing. The rack would be ease to my situation till I see you.---I need not tell you from whom this comes. I have an ill face for dissembling, and my astonishment when I met you, I am confident, spoke more than all that the impatience of my heart can now dictate.---Tell me I may come to you : let your compliance give wings to the messenger who brings you this ; and give me leave in a moment to throw myself, not at your feet, but into your arms.

Don't wonder that my letter is no longer : if I succeed I am robbing myself of a minute of rapture by every sentence ; if I fail, I have already given you too much cause to triumph.

I would not affect to suppose you don't know who I am : if you have a mind to make me believe you are ignorant on this head, receive your information from my own mouth, and be assured you will never hear it from one less partial to the subject. *I am,*

*With the most sensible of all respect,
an honest eagerness to see you,
Your devoted Servant,*

J. H.

The ANSWER.

SIR,

THE Style of your letter would induce me to believe you are a man of sense, but the purport of it makes me think you a madman.---I do assure you, Sir, that I neither know you nor have any desire to know you. I remember a gentleman staring at me as I passed under the musick, much as I have seen a bad player do at the ghost in Hamlet, and I suppose that might be you: if it was, I do assure you, Sir, I am quite satisfied with the view, and have no ambition to be acquainted what name is upon the figure; though I must confess, I have some curiosity to know what you could see in my behaviour that could give occasion to such a letter as that you honoured me with.

D.

LETTER II.

NOT to know me, as the Devil says in Milton, argues yourself unknown. But you affect all this indifference. I

B 2

would

would not call a woman fool, in whose eyes I have read more knowledge than in all the volumes of Locke and Addison ; I know when you tell me I am mad, you mean it as a compliment to my sensibility.---Mad ! heaven and earth ! who can be any thing less that has seen you, and is in uncertainty whether he shall see you again ; or who is but in despair of doing it the moment he desires it. Tell me seriously I never shall, and I have forgot I ever met with such a woman.---But give me leave to hope it, and plant impossibilities in the way : I'll thank you, for giving me opportunities of shewing you at what a rate I set your favour.

Believe me, impudent tyrant, when I swear to you, that I cannot tell you how honestly, how heartily I am in raptures with you ; I don't ask your leave to fly to you ; I mean this as sending you word I am coming. If there is any impropriety in visiting you where you are, tell me instantly where you will beg my pardon for your insolence to

The humblest of your Captives.

J. H.

The ANSWER,

I WILL not pretend any longer, Sir, that I do not know you : But most illustrious hero, the torrent of your conquests is stopt. It is improper to see me here : it is impossible to see me any where : the watchfulness of Argos, and the fiery breath of monsters guard this golden fleece. But if they did not, or if you knew how to elude and to conquer them, there is a more impenetrable bar yet in your way, for know I hate you ; and what to your arrogant spirit will sting more, I despise you.

I am not without a sense of the lowness of my condition ; nor do I feel it with a common pain, when I remember from what a height I have fallen into it : but in that state nothing can be happier than I am. I have every thing the world can afford me, and I owe it to the most agreeable of mankind, to one to whom it is a pleasure to be obliged ; one who has loved me long, who now doats on me to distraction. Tell me then, what temptation I can find to change him for an insolent coxcomb ; (for that, Sir, is your true character) who never knew his own mind

two

two days about any thing, since his mother whip'd him for throwing down his bread and butter because there were no glass-windows mark'd upon it.

I tell you Mr. H----, that I never can, I never will leave the man I am with; nor of all mankind, if I did, shou'd it be for you. So now you know my mind; and I desire I may have no more plague with you.

The unalterable

D.

L E T T E R III.

STILL, my fair tyrant, you don't tell me I shall never see you again: if you want to be rid of me, speak your mind at once, and I have done with you.

I must tell you, sweet tragedy Princess, you are as much a coquette as I am a coxcomb; and I don't believe one word you say to me, any more than you do yourself any one syllable you say about me. If I lik'd you less I could be content with this trifling; but as 'tis, I must tell you, that I am not at all pleas'd with you for preventing my visit.---Who is this heroe, famous and renowned, that employs

employs all these peacocks and bulls in his service? but let him be what he will, I am satisfy'd a legion of devils in his pay would not keep you constant to him.

You see we know one another pretty well. Don't suppose I am upbraiding you with your infidelity as a crime; 'tis in a fine woman, the first of all virtues. Generosity may sometimes, in its extreams, amount to profusion; but make the worst of it, 'tis never hateful like avarice. Monopoly! every tradesman can complain of it in his shop: and shall we suffer it in love?--You were born to give happiness to thousands; and remember some few of the number are yet to receive it.

I did not tell you I wanted to seduce you from your protector: I never asked you to love me, that I remember; nor gave you any reason to suppose I car'd a farthing what you thought about me. Give me leave to love you, and dispose your own inclinations as you please. Take me into your arms, and keep your lover in your bosom: hate me with all my heart, but let me tell you I don't deserve it; despise me, but let me

me laugh at you for your want of judgment. In short, give me yourself, and make your own conditions. If you won't generously throw the whole into my lap, let me have a piece of you : give me leave to call any thing about you mine, and if I can't win all the rest, why let him take halves.

In serious earnest, all this is most ridiculous trifling.---Cold and insensible ! is there no better use to be made of these moments than telling one another more lies upon paper, than we cou'd swear if we were face to face ? Upon my life I am sick with fondness and expectation : I neither can nor will plague myself with any more sollicitations. If you know what it is to give happiness greater than it is possible you can receive, indulge yourself in that supreme felicity, while I look down upon you with concern, that you cannot know a greater ; that of receiving it from the first, the most glorious object of the creation.

I wou'd not take a wrong step in this : I see you don't give me any reason why I shou'd not have come instead of plaguing my own impatience, and possibly yours too with this tedious letter. I

I

shall

shall set out five minutes after it ; so if there be any real impropriety in my seeing you at home, meet me by the way. I'll stay a quarter of an hour at the Shakespear.

Yours as you will,

J. H.

The ANSWER.

Most impudent of mankind,

I Thought I had liv'd too long in the world to be surpris'd at any thing ; but your monstrous assurance turns me to a stone with wonder. Do you know, most ----- but I am in the wrong to call you any thing : your vanity will make you take pride in being abused. To be serious, I find I have been mistaken in you. What I took for raillery was downright rudeness ; what I persuaded myself to believe was wit, had only one of the qualities of it, impudence. I won't pretend I ever had any favourable thought toward you ; but if I had, you have cured me.

You need not send any more letters ; for I shall return them unopened. If it were not
C that

that I value the safety of a man worth a thousand vain wretches like you, I would put them into hands that should chastise you for your insolence. But I here take my leave of the gay, the glorious Mr. H---- for ever. If you have pity for one whom you have pretended to love, let me never see you again. I will avoid Ranelagh for ever, as the place that threw so hateful an object in my way. There is nothing I shall endeavour so much as to keep myself for ever at the utmost distance from you: if you should see me at the play to-night, I beg it, as the greatest favour in the world, that you will not speak to me.

Don't let your vanity make you suppose I am not in earnest. I never was more so in my life; nor will ever alter my opinion of you.

The insulted D.



L E T T E R IV.

TELL me, you dear enchanting devil! if you have one fault about you, tell me of it, that I may hate you. I love you no longer: I fear you so much,
that

that my heart has no room for any other passion. I see the destruction that is before me, and I see that I shall never be able to escape it. The poor bird is caught on the lim'd twig, and the more it struggles the more it is entangled. It is your interest as much as mine to let me loose again. While I doated only on your person, I could trifle with my fetters, because I knew I could play the Sampson, and break them to pieces at pleasure ; but such an understanding, such a judgment, tempered with such vivacity, there is no ceasing to adore.

I am shocked with the apprehension, and tremble when I do but call you up in idea. I tell you, if you would avoid your ruin, it is your business to hate me ; at least to fly me for ever ; and I tell you too, that one interview more will make that impossible.

I that solicited you yesterday, beg you now to refuse me : I that burn for you tell you, that I will never see you again. I cannot support you as you deserve, and you shall not sacrifice any thing to me. I can't give you what you expect, and I will not suffer any body else to give you any thing. If you will

be mine, you must be all mine. If you truly have from **** what you tell me, that never can be, unless to your disadvantage ; and therefore it never shall be. I am not of a spirit to condescend to receive any thing otherwise than on the most equal terms ; and should be unhappy even in your arms, while I believed, while I but suspected, you could be happy in another's.

Heaven and earth ! where did you learn this art of charming ? learn it ? but the expression is a contradiction. What you have and no other ever had, must be innate : would it could be communicated !

Did not you see how all the people in the box next to us, gave up the play to attend to you ; they were in the right. Shakespear and Garrick were below regard in the comparison ; and the spirit of Benedict and humour of Beatrice combined, came short of your pleasantry. This was conversation, and only you are formed for it : this is the pleasure of rational creatures : and shall I refuse it to myself ?---in honest truth I can't. But you can ; and if I could relapse into my own good opinion of myself, I would
conjure

conjure you by all the Devils that delight in mischief, to do it while 'tis in your power.

I wait your answer as the criminal does his sentence. Do I live, or do I die? but that is not the question! do I perish to-day by your severity, or a month hence by your indulgence?---that I cannot support the thought of making you less happy by being mine is certain: but, O dearest, most enchanting mischief, it is as certain, that I can't support my existence without you. My destruction is inevitable; but of two forms it appears in, tell me which I shall prefer. Tell me if I shall perish gloriously alone, or happily with you involved in the ruin.

I could go on, but to what purpose? put you an end to that which must be decided, and which never can be so by me.---Cursed fortune! Was ever mortal plunged into such a situation! to be obliged in honour to plead against that which he desires more than that word, in its eagereft sense, can express. Be cruel, be insolent to me, turn all your affected severity into earnest; and teach me to hate that which I will not love ;
make

make me convinced, that you in reality despise me; and in solemn earnest I believe my pride will get the better of a passion, that will otherwise involve us in a thousand distresses.

The sincerely Unhappy

J. H.

The ANSWER.

O Man, for flattery and deceit renown'd!
Yet I won't believe your pride can condescend to flatter, or your honesty so far forget itself to deceive me! but what is all this mighty praise about? I did not desire to see you at the play; but I could not bide that I was pleased with seeing you. I have a very honest heart, and when I am pleased, am always chearful. I am ashamed when I look back upon the little wantonness of my spirit; and what you are pleased to call gaiety, I don't find to be any thing better than impertinence: but you see with a lover's eye, at least you say so: Shall I believe you?

It is in vain to dissemble with one who knows one's very heart and soul as you do. I won't

wont pretend we met strangers on both sides at Ranelagh : I had seen you four months before. I lik'd you ; I enquired who you was, and heard such an account of your inconstancies, that I determin'd to avoid you. I have shunn'd every place where I thought you wou'd be. I have attempted to perswade myself, that I loved a man whom I despise. I have done all that nature or art cou'd teach me, but as the poet says, When a woman is once fairly wounded, let her fly where she will the arrow still sticks in her side.---A pretty good natur'd, good manner'd letter'd this you have sent me.---A very civil address to a woman that you see loves you : but brute that you are, this is the first of your tricks. You see it, and therefore you it is you dare to do this.---I command you never to see me more !---devil take me if I have not a great mind to take you at your word. But I am a woman : I delight in contradictions ; and I'll have you to know, most impudent Sir, that with as much spirit and resolution as I banish'd you when you was so earnest in your solicitations to be with me, I, now that you have the insolence to desire to be free, tell you that you shall not. Don't suppose, because I

I

am

am a whore, (I name the horrible word as a punishment to myself for being so,) that I am mercenary. I have no fortune, and therefore must be supported by the man who has my person. But, Sir, I wou'd have you know, that I cou'd be happier without my chair, and with one play a week, with the man I love, than with all you see about me now, from a fellow I detest.

I don't tell you this as a thing you are at all concern'd in: 'tis my own sentiments in general. At present I am not in a situation to change: I love the man with whom I live, I think, as well I cou'd you if you were in his situation; much more than I can, while you are in any other. But if so strange a thing should ever happen, as a probability of our coming together, don't be afraid of loving me too well, or doating on me forever: I have an infallible remedy for the excess of passion on the man's side, tho' perhaps I shall not be in a hurry to put it in execution.

Lord what a quantity of nonsense have I written to you! can't you save one the trouble, you beast! of dirtying one's fingers, and staining one's ruffles, and making one's face like a cook-maid's with poring down, by coming?

D.

LET-

L E T T E R V.

MADAM,

AS I am not extremely fond of being laugh'd at, even by a lady, I take the liberty of telling you, that you have more ill-nature than beauty, and more insolence than understanding.

If you have a mind to beg my pardon for your unnatural behaviour, I am at home ; if not, *why you may keep your fire, as Shakespear says, to warm your fingers.*

I don't pretend to have less love than I had, but you will find I have resolution enough to mortify your pride, if not to make your heart ach. J. H.

The A N S W E R.

SIR,

YOU may, if you please, pretend to blame me for what I know in your heart you approve.---I shall not come to you, Sir, let your haughty spirit resolve what it will. If I am to have only one of two things, which I own I wish for, your love or your esteem, I prefer the latter. D.

D

LET-

LETTER VI.

YOU are in the right, and I love you while you torture me. But you must allow much of your conduct this afternoon was cruel, if you had this resolution. Be easy or reserved, be good-natur'd or severe, I find you have still the same empire in my heart. I adore you one moment, I admire you another ; I like you in this declaration, and in the next I esteem you ; but, resistless creature ! whether I adore or admire, whether I like or esteem, you, only you, and you for ever, will be the object.

I am ashamed of my folly. I won't repeat it when I see you : but when shall that be ? I sup at Pierce's : believe me a penitent, and come to me.---You may, whether you believe me or no : you have too much command of yourself, to be in any fear about me.---I know you'll come : but hell and torments don't I know you'll go too ?---Why do I wish to enjoy a pleasure at the expence of such intolerable misery ?---keep your resentment, and don't come. Tho' you wou'd not, at my request put an end to this foolish

foolish suit, do it in your own resentment.--I expect a line from you, to tell me I am an impudent scoundrel, and you won't come near me. I deserve it.

J. H.

The A N S W E R.

YOUR expectations in me, I believe, will always be disappointed. Indeed I have ordered my capuchin and chair, and shall be at the Castle before you. I an't angry with you, nor do you deserve I should. I shou'd have despised you, had you not attempted what you did: I shou'd have despised myself, had I not resisted you. You have done your duty, and I have done mine; and we both have deserved one another's applause. But 'tis over, and I will have no more of it. Tho' it wou'd have been insensibility not to have endeavoured, it wou'd be an insult upon my resolution to attempt it again; and I tell you most seriously, I should never pardon it.

We may spend our time better than in these distant compliments. I am setting forward for the land of happiness, if good sense can give it me; see if you can be there before me. I esteem you. D.

D 2

LET-

LETTER VII.

IF I loved you, it was because I thought you a woman : I am convinced you are not one, and there's an end of my passion.---Do you know the impertinence of that waiter will cost me more than would have made you happy for these three months. There is no danger ; but the surgeon, and he is an honest one, and of my acquaintance, he tells me, he won't be well these six weeks. You'll glory in the shrillness of your voice after this, I make no doubt.---I believe you have reason to be pleased, for there's an end of an acquaintance that never would have done either of us any good. I thank you for curing me of the most delusive of all opinions, that a woman can love : And I am with all the respect that is due to your resolution,

Your humble servant, J. H.

The ANSWER.

I Love you still, ungrateful, insolent, destructive Devil. I love you while I hate you, I adore you while I detest you.

Do you know that my character is sacrificed by your last night's riot, though my honour is secure. I value the substance indeed more than the shadow, but it is not the custom of my sex to do so.

You accuse me of coldness, know that I am wilder in my desires than you are.--- You curse me for my indifference, O heaven! your own fondness is hatred compared to mine: but though I am a woman in soul and body both, I am resolute, and as far as I can be so, honest. The man that confides in me shall never be deceived. I beg your pardon for what has happened, though the fault was your own: I entreat you to forgive me, though I am the greatest sufferer. My heart and soul you have, and ever shall have, but what can I do more? Cursed fate, my body is another's. D.

L E T T E R VIII.

WHAT a piece of work is here indeed, to get two people together that have a mind to one another! I love you for your resolution, though it plagues my soul out: but I cannot be without you

you any longer ; so have done with all these romantic virtues.

Pox upon your constancy ; tell me what price you set on it. Any man can support a woman, be she as extravagant as she will, for a little while at least, and a face like yours will always be able to make its market. If every thing I have upon earth can tempt you to make your actions correspond with your words ; If persuasion of any kind can prevail with you to renounce this boasted resolution, and,

Violate your sacred faith to Heëtor,

Why come to me this moment : if not I'll never see you, never think of you again.

If you have any point to carry by this unparalleled, this impudent reserve, 'tis done. I am in no condition to parly or dispute about it with you. In honest sincerity, I would purchase till this time tomorrow with you, at the price of being hanged at the expiration of the term. ---Is there no Devil to whom a Faustus in love can contract himself for so reasonable a term?---but it is not necessary :
you

you have more power, and you are not afraid to employ it.

I am wearied out with soliciting you ; I will have no farther refusal. I will read no letters, so come to me yourself this moment.

J. H.

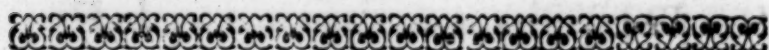
The A N S W E R.

INDEED, peremptory Sir, but you will. ---I will not come to you.---And now what doth your mighty resolution say for itself. My honour is above all price, my constancy never was nor shall be violated, and I should be angry at your new attack, if I did not laugh too much at it.

I don't think it prudent to venture myself in your house with servants, who may perhaps be more under your command than your passions ; but if you are violently bent upon supping with me, you'll find my doors open, and I shall have some pleasure in shewing you, Sir, that I am as much above deceit, as you ought to have been above the suspicion of it ; And that if I could have been in danger from the man who thought more favourably of me, my pride will keep me very secure from him who thinks I have a point to carry. You have,
and

and be assured you never shall succeed in it. I laugh at you as much as I resent the affront.

The injured but forgiving D.



Another LETTER.

WHAT use shall I make of the moments of your absence, but to convince you, O dearest of men! that no other object supplies your place in my thoughts?--Bankrupt that I am in gratitude, how shall I thank you? You have shewn me what it is to be happy, and you will continue to make me so. I know you are above deceit, and you told me you are not dissatisfied with me. O fools, that think they know what is pleasure, when they do not know you!

I am sick with tenderness; come to me thou only who couldst inspire it, thou only who art worthy to be its object. I throw about my arms that have no use when they are not enfolding you: my forehead rests upon the palm that should be press'd by yours, and but the remains of the magick touch that hang about it quiet the swimming of my giddy brain.---Come to me, or I cannot

cannot live ; a feebleness spreads itself over all my limbs, my heart flutters till it shakes the breast that wants your gentle hand to press it into rest. My limbs refuse their office ; my chair will not support me ; I fly to my bed, but O distressing circumstance ! you are not there.

Now, charmer, tell me, had I a point to carry : I who have given myself up, O glorious resignation, without one thought of futurity. Have I designs upon you ?--- Yes I have.---I will not part with you forever : and know, that with these hands that cou'd press you to death with kindness, I will murder you, tear you to pieces, if you are false to me.

O how I talk---I have lost the stake, and I pretend to dispose the money : I shou'd have kept you at a distance, to have kept you. What have I now to bribe you with ? But go---bate me for doating on you, despise me, because I adore you ; I know 'tis the condition of our shame, and I submit to it. Will you come to me.---You have no business that need keep you an hour from me. --Shall I see you at four ?--Will you drink tea with me ? Will you take me to Romeo ? shew me my own fond foolish heart in Juliet's. Will you ?---O night of extasy ! when

E

shall

shall we meet again? Don't write to me-- yet do--I want to know your thoughts, tho' you despise me, and I shall stop them at your lips when you are with me. Write to me, I charge you, but be very kind: I know the fate of a woman who has given all she has to bestow, but mitigate the severity of the sentence, and tho' you love me not, yet I swear you do; so shall, dissembling once, be virtuous in you.

The happy, the wretched D.

The A N S W E R.

MAY I perish, O enchanting mischief, if you are not dearer, infinitely dearer to me, at this moment, than you ever were, than woman ever can be, till she has added gratitude to one's adoration. Heaven and earth! last night, what is it I remember?---And is it possible such transport can be repeated?--No.--It must be raised, superior as it was, to all conception, it must be raised to something infinitely higher. I thought I ow'd it then to my importunities: I thought I had you from mere condescension and good nature; but, can I support the thought of meeting you, when 'tis your
OWN

own request? of knowing that, while I am possessing the happiness of a deity, I am bestowing it too upon the breast from which I receive it!

I will not tell you what my heart suffers till I see you. I will not paint to you it's languishings in pleasure; it's nauseatings against all that it once call'd enjoyments. I will not say I am with you, while people who are about me suppose they have my company: I won't tell you that the anguish is unsufferable, while absent from what we doat upon: you feel it; the language of love is universal; it is not confined to any country, or to either sex: You paint it too well not to feel it all; and I triumph more in the eager impatience of your letter, than I cou'd in the applause of a world. From you!--love, fondness, tenderness, from you---From you whom I have so ador'd, so deify'd, of whom, in spite of all my arrogance, I have so heartily despair'd; but I must not suffer the remembrance. Let distraction fill my head, when I have your bosom to recline it on; but let me not be frantick here. O dear dissembler, you intended this! you made me sup with you on pur-

pose; and what I thought the fruit of my solicitations, I now can see was destin'd for me. But why wou'd you withhold it then so long? Yet I won't blame you neither: is it, can it be true, that I am coming to you? that I shall call the bed, where I slept last night, my own? Undoubtedly. I am your own forever: this be the place of business, that the seat of pleasure. Assuredly it is the only one where I can ever find it.

I am in the wrong to write.--It murders moments that might be spent with you.---I am but dispatching two or three troublesome people, and I am with you. I dare not believe that I am to be received by you with transport. I hardly know that I am not dreaming.

O may I sleep thus forever. J. H.

* * * After this there past no letter of consequence for near three weeks.

L E T T E R XI.

DO you know, Mr. Impertinence, that I have been waiting for you one, two, three, four, five hours? Come along, you
im-

impudent thing, and beg my pardon : but I would not have you suppose that once being upon your knees will atone for this. I have been quarrelling with my maid, burning my night-cap, and teasing the poor canary-bird with bugging and kissing it. I suppose you can guess who is to make amends for all this mischief. How can you take a delight in plaguing me in this manner ? Would I did not care a pin for you.

D.

Past twelve o'clock, in a very whimsical humour, and much inclined to scold.---I have been writing a ballad about Dr. Hulse and Pulse, and you shall see it --- when you come.

L E T T E R XII.

I*F you are not too deeply engaged this afternoon, pray let me have you. I don't understand this coming only to go to bed here : 'tis not the terms we met upon : 'tis not of a piece with that declaration that you lov'd me as a companion.*

Don't take it ill if I write peevishly, the agony of my teeth has made me almost distracted all this day. Love and the tooth-ack,
people

people say, are the only pains unpitied; let them be so, the one is above condolance, the other does not deserve it. I don't say a pain in the teeth is not terrible, but believe me tyrant, 'tis nothing to that which a heart at once fond and proud like mine, suffers on the appearance of being slighted: but I know 'tis only appearance. I feel nothing from my face while I name that charming Passion.

Love is no regular desire,
 No sudden start of raging pain,
 That in a moment glows a fire,
 And in a moment cools again.
 No, love is something so refine,
 Description only makes it less;
 'Tis what I feel, but can't divine,
 'Tis what I know but can't express.

But though I can't with my pen, come, and
 I'll try what my lips can do. D.

L E T T E R XIII.

IT is vain to disguise it. I have labour'd
 to deceive myself; but Devil as you are,
 'tis too open to be concealed any longer.---
 My

My servants see it ; the people of the house tell me of it.---The world supposes you have left me, and I am affronted with messages from bagnios.

I hate you for your guilt, but don't make me despise you, by denying it : if you are tir'd of me --- God ! Do I live to suspect it !---Tell me so, and leave me to a better fortune. Yet I don't wish it. I know these are but escapes of wantonness, and you are ashamed of them afterwards. Come and tell me so, and give ease to a heart that doats on you as much as if you deserv'd it.

D.

The ANSWER.

INdeed you have been misinformed. I am unhappy that I can't be with you till after the play ; but you must let me laugh at you for supposing any other could be welcome to arms that may encircle you.

Bedford
Coffee-house.

Yours most sincerely,

J. H.

L E T-

LETTER XIV.

SIR,

WHEN a man's actions and his words disagree, I know which I am to believe. You will pardon me that while I see your ingratitude, for I cannot call it by a better name, I am not wholly blind to my own interests. I think you can have no right to object to my going to the play to-night, with Sir *** **, if you have a mind to prevent the consequences, I am ashamed to confess you still have power of commanding your

D.

LETTER XV.

TILL I saw you come in with your gallant, I did not believe you had inconstancy enough, or spirit enough, which shall I call it, to attempt such an insolence. I have not deserved it of you. upon my honour you have accused me unjustly. I have an unhappy carelessness in my temper; but I never thought of another since I saw you. I thank you for this insult, though it has given

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me

me pain. I am at home, and I desire you will come to me this instant, that I may tell you how I was shocked with the apprehension of losing you. I did not myself know how much I lov'd you. I am sure you mean nothing by this, but believe me, 'tis daggers to my heart to see another but look at you, as if he thought you lik'd him.

I have often found it impossible to describe the happiness I have owed to you. O mistress of my soul ! I find it as impossible now to tell you the pain you give me. Laugh at me for this, abuse me, do any thing, but only look not as if it were possible you could forsake me.

Heaven ! is it D. to whom I am writing this, --- can it be D. whom I am intreating not to be false to me ! D. who has told me she never was, nor ever could be happy but with me ; and who told me truth. But I deserve it : Come and upbraid me with neglecting the most valuable treasure in the universe, only because I possess'd it : I will confess my crime, but do not charge me with any more, for I am no farther guilty.--- While I am writing, you are with another.---I cannot, nor will bear it. If you love me, if you would prevent the

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mis-

mischievous consequences of a dispute, of which you are the cause, let me see you instantly. O let me tell you that I am sensible of my folly, and that I will be years, in asking your pardon
J. H.

The A N S W E R.

THough I am willing to be your mistress, I will not be your fool, nor make myself the jest of a whole house, for a man who will forsake me the next moment. If you come here, I will never speak with you again; if you will meet me in the lobby, the gentleman who is with me, knows you have a right, and will not be so absurd to dispute it. This is wrote with my pencil, I wish you may read it, but it must be obeyed.
D.

L E T T E R XVI.

YOU have made me amends, O dearest, excellentest creature of the world! but only you cou'd do so, for the tortures of the evening. 'Tis fit it shou'd be so. Where the power of torment lies, there ought

ought to be the remedy. O cunning in your very indulgencies ! why all this peculiar fire ? why all that unutterable power of charming me last night ? Was it not to shew me what I had by my folly almost lost ? what I had deserved to lose, but not by my infidelity.---False to thee ! dear suspicious fool, to what purpose ? Shew me a woman that has more desert, and I shall think it right to be false to thee ; but till then be most assured, if that can give you pleasure, that wild and giddy as I am, you have me to yourself. I pretend no merit in my fidelity ; while I have eyes and understanding, while I have a heart susceptible of love in itself, or capable of admiring it in another, I must be the fond, the doating, the distracted fool you see me : Mad with my delight, while I am with you, and more than mad with my fears when you dare be cruel enough to give me suspicions of losing you.

You won't be dissatisfy'd with the success of this bold attempt, to wake me to a sense of my own good fortune. You are convinc'd, that tho' I cou'd let other considerations interfere with the thoughts of you, I cou'd not let any rival you. In honest sincerity, no incident of my

life ever gave me a pain equal to what I felt on seeing you, tho' but in appearance, in the possession of another. I wou'd not confess this, if I thought you like the rest of your sex, fond of the abuse of power. I know you have a nobler heart. The possessing an absolute dominion, is enough to you; nor will you condescend to make a mean use of it.

There is nothing equal to the joy that succeeds despair; and with such a transport it is that I now recollect yesterday evening, and the night that followed it. 'Tis with more than extacy I look upon the present moment: swear to me that you will never leave me till I deserve it: assure me, that while I love you, I shall not love you in vain: then shew me a greater favour than all this, tho' 'tis doing me no more than justice, believe appearances have lyed, and jealousy misled you; and that I never was, nor ever can be false to you.

J. H.

The ANSWER.

IF I cou'd be guilty of so great an absurdity, as to be angry with you for going to others, I believe the next step wou'd be attempting to alter the course of nature.

nature. I see my fate: nay, mean-spirited creature that I am, I submit to it; only do not affront me with such palpable proofs of it: don't make me the jest of the world, as well as of myself, for loving a man who cares nothing for me. I hate deceit; I am above it myself, and I will not pardon it in another. When you wrong me, do it secretly, but profess it boldly to my own ear. These are the best terms nature can allow me with you; and these I will be content with: but in this humble offer, do not make me desperate, by imposing still worse conditions.

*Yet I thank you for lying to me: there is some grace in being askam'd of what you ought to have blush'd at doing.--I have done with the thought of your being constant to me, but don't use me in your baseness: for shame don't make me any more the subject of comparison to your new beauties. Don't tell that common creature, the next time you give her what if you had honour I have a right to, that you wish I had her face: I don't know her name, but you broke a tea cup, and sent her a set of China in return. You see I am not unacquainted with your intrigues. O that I were!--brute! if you can't be honest, be generously secret. It hurts my pride to be
made*

made the jest of such creatures; and the wound pierces the deeper, because it comes from you.

O Mr. H--- 'tis hard for hearts not born to suffer, to bear insults from any; but is there no hand they can come from besides yours? Wou'd I cou'd hate you as much I know you deserve it, or you cou'd deserve the passion that consumes my heart. I know you find this impossible; but if there be any generosity, any pity in your heart, bestow it where better emotions might be claim'd: if you cannot be just, at least be false with such discretion, that I may find it possible to perswade myself you are not.

When shall I see you? D.

LETTER XVII.

YOUR accusations are just: I have been base to you, but I will not be base enough to repeat it. I acknowledge my fault, and let it be forgotten. I conjure you, if you value my peace of mind, name it no more. The dagger of reproach, more sharp than steel, has pierc'd me to the heart. Surely there is not so great a pain, as the being upbraided with crimes, and knowing one deserves

serves it. I am not conscious of having given any body in the world cause of complaint beside. Wretch ! that I shou'd find the person who has most right to my esteem, her whom alone I have treated ill ! but I am too sensible of the folly to repeat it.

If there be happiness in possessing me all, my very heart, all my thoughts, and all my wishes, that happiness is yours. Mr.--- and his family, dine with me ; I shall be ill company for them, and will find some excuse for leaving them immediately after coffee. O that I cou'd tell you, sweet, how every moment of absence from you pains me !--have no body with you. There are a thousand things I want to say to you, nor can I bear the restraint of company. Shall I be perfectly happy ? will you tell me, and tell me truly, you have forgiven me ? will you meet me as if I had never deserved reproaches from you ? There are no other conditions on which life itself wou'd be worth my accepting. I will remember these were once in my power ; and I will curse myself for having forfeited them. Yet, why should I do so ? There is more glory, more real pride in having this from your generosity, than I cou'd have
in

in seeing it coldly paid to my deservings. Others may love those who deserve it; gratitude will command a passion like it; but be it your prerogative, O superior excellence! to bestow your heart on him who has not merited it. By that generosity urge him to the deserving what he will not receive unworthily.

Such are my romantick ideas of your excellence, and such they will remain for ever, for you cannot change.

I am miserable till I am with you. J. H.

*** After this there passed no letter of consequence for about a fortnight.

L E T T E R XIX.

I AM hardly pleased that I have not seen you these eight hours. You'll make me suspect some new inconstancy. Come to me this moment, if you love me; if you but pity me: a thousand horrible thoughts crowd in upon my fancy at once. I think you have been less fond of me these three days. Pardon a foolish woman's fears! heaven grant they are foolish. I'm upon the rack, and
 3 every

every moment that I have room to think, adds new fears : Come thou friend, lover, master, every thing to me, come and relieve me. I die with anxiety. It did not use to be thus.

D.

L E T T E R XX.

I AM convinced ; thank heaven, I'm cured. --- I have done with you forever. --- I sent to you this evening, and your servants told the messenger you was gone to Greenwich. You know there is but one woman in the world I am afraid of ; I instantly dispatched my chairman to enquire after her : I find she's at Greenwich too. She's in the house to which I direct this letter. Now triumphant villain, what evasion serves you ? Now what resource, famous, perjured, faithless--- but why should I rail at a man I have no connection with ? ---No, Sir, even if you were innocent, there is no way for me to be convinced of it. oaths you have already broke so often, that you cannot wish me to regard them. I have no right to reprove you farther. I have done with you. Yes, dearly as I still love you, I give you up all my pretensions, and from this moment we are strangers.

G

You

You have broke an acquaintance which by heaven, I think, has given me more pain than pleasure. You began it ; you have ended it : You forc'd it upon me, it was against my inclination, against my reason ; but it is at an end.

I shall not leave you the pretence of my having been false to you. I join no new acquaintance. I go to-morrow to the country : I have a friend who will receive me, and with whom I can live, though without splendor, yet with this happiness, that I shall be independent of your faithless, your ungrateful sex.

Though I will never see you again, I am not averse to hearing from you. If you can say any thing to palliate this unprovoked cruelty, I shall be at *****. I give you this as a direction to your letter ; but upon my soul and body, if you come, I will not only refuse to see you, but throw myself into the arms of the first wretch that offers me bread ; and you know that even all your baseness has not been able to provoke me to be false to the man to whom I am once engaged. Do I live to say to Mr. H---, Farewell for ever ? but it is unalterable ; only this I tell you at my everlasting parting, that I never loved you more tenderly than at the moment in which I tell you you are so base I will

never see you again ; I know not how to have done : I have nothing more to say, yet I cannot bear to conclude the last letter I shall ever write to you. D.

LETTER XXI.

SIR,

I Wrote to you three weeks ago at Greenwich, and thought I should have heard from you : but, ungrateful monster, don't think I solicit it. I only think this a duty ; as it is possible the former may have miscarried. I am at ***. D.

LETTER XXII.

I Did not imagine falshood and ingratitude could have engrossed a human heart so wholly as they do yours. I wrote to you three posts ago. I beg'd, mean wretch that I was to do it, meaner that I am to own it, I beg'd to hear from you ; was this too great a favour to one, you once--But I have done.--I will not reproach you. If it be possible, excuse your conduct to me. I do not ask you back. By all my hopes of happiness, I would not have you again ; but do me the

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justice

justice to own, I have had no part in the breaking an acquaintance, which I must be ungrateful not to say I valued. D.

LETTER XXIII.

Written a fortnight after the last,

MADAM,

I would be glad to know, but 'tis merely out of curiosity, what could influence your late conduct? Why run out of town on suspicions that, upon my honour had not the least foundation? why write to me with all the pretended inquietude of love, struggling with indignation? why, when I twice wrote to you, at your earnest request, pretend not to have received one of the letters, and never answer the other?---You and your conduct are a continued riddle. If I thought you would explain it, I have a heart still so foolishly fond of you, that I would come to you to be laughed at. You must be sensible you have used me shamefully. You'll despise me for soliciting more contempt, but let me be as much ashamed of it as I will, I love you.

J. H.

The ANSWER.

Thou Devil,

SUble false, deceiving devil! You have had a new mistress and are tired of her: I know it, and upon my soul I would love your honesty, if you confess'd it. How ought I to regard your pretended anger, to spurn your interrogatories? but I won't. There is some modesty in attempting to deceive me.-- You write to me since I have been here: No! I have had no place in your thoughts till this moment, and perhaps shall be forgot in the next. My conduct a riddle! yours needs no explanation. Infidelity, unprovoked infidelity carried you from me: What caprice has brought you back again?--But be it what it will, I am glad.---I shall be at your house to-night to supper.---O that I could see how you receive the intelligence! --- But I have a favour to beg of you.---Your behaviour can admit of no excuse: I have forgot it: don't torture me with the naming it.

D.

After this no letter of consequence passed for five months.

LETTER

L E T T E R XXIV.

I Thought I had known you long enough not to think of recalling you when you were going : but I cannot part with you in silence. You have been cold and indifferent to me, these two days. Don't add to my anxiety by denying it. If I have deserv'd this, upbraid me openly ; if 'tis your own curs'd disposition, confess it as freely. Tell me who it is has supplanted me, and if she deserves you better, I'll forgive her. D.

The A N S W E R.

YOU are not mistaken, Madam, in your suspicions ; tho' you wrong me in the motive to which you attribute my fault. You have no rival ; nor ever will. I am serious : and tho' I have not deserv'd you shou'd believe me on these occasions, indeed you now may.

I am determin'd to leave off the pleasing folly I have too long indulg'd in. The resolution is not a hasty one ; nor is it founded on resentment or satiety. I do you the justice to declare you have given me no occasion for the one, and the other is impossible. I have been earnest in the pursuit of happiness, and

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I have hitherto fail'd in the essential point. I find it ; and I see the reason. Wou'd you cou'd profit of the discovery, as I shall. There is no true pleasure but in virtue.

If happiness were in the gift of woman, unconnected with that, I must have receiv'd it from you : yet, while I confess it, I mean no reproach to you ; I have had more uneasiness in my acquaintance with you than transport.

I believe I shall marry. Upon my word I know not at this time to whom : but I am convinc'd it is the only way to be permanently happy. There is no other occasion on which I wou'd have quitted you, whom I shall always remember with esteem. You will not see me fall into any new acquaintance, but upon these conditions ; and I know you will not reproach me for this, tho' you may wish it otherwise.

You'll see that I affect an unconcern in this letter : indeed it is affected. But why shou'd I write, so as to give you more pain ? I do not part from you without thoughts to which I wish you a stranger. You may always command my friendship ; and know me to be as far as this determination will permit.

Sincerely yours,

J. H.

L E T T E R the Last.

SIR,

THE *strange style of your letter convinces me you are in earnest. I had submitted to the giving you up to a rival: this is a less concession. My heart is too full for utterance; nor will I give you pain by telling you my thoughts. Farewell for ever. I wish you every source of uninterrupted happiness.* And I am, Sir,

Your very humble servant,

5 JA 59

D.

F I N I S.

